

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

PETER BELL: a tale in verse. By Wm. Wordsworth. London 1819. pp. 88.

There are, it is said, a considerable number of persons who not only admire the style of those who have been called the *Lake School* of poets, but who uphold their productions as the only true and genuine poetry extant. It seems impossible that any thing backed by such a number of opinions should be utterly worthless; but, with every disposition to defer to the judgment of others, we are sorry to say that we can by no means become converts to this way of thinking. Unfortunately, **PETER BELL** seems to us to possess more of the deformities and fewer of the beauties which are occasionally scattered over the author's productions than many of his former publications; insomuch that all our unfavourable impressions are strengthened and confirmed, and all our wishes to be pleased most unpleasantly baffled. This may arise, perhaps, from the poem being an early effort; for the dedication (to Mr. Southey) informs us that it "first saw the light" in 1798, though pains have since been bestowed to "fit it for filling permanently a station, however humble, in the literature of the country." Mr. Wordsworth adds that such has been the aim of all his endeavours in poetry, which have been sufficiently laborious to prove that he deems the art not lightly to be approached. In the present instance, as in former instances, this labour appears to be ill bestowed. One man polishes diamonds, and produces gems fit for a monarch's crown; another polishes muscle shells, and the utmost attainment of his art is a toy for children.

Peter Bell is a strange story, written to shew that supernatural agency may be dispensed with, and yet the imaginative faculty "be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life." The framework for this demonstration is not unworthy of the proposition. The Hero, a low and abandoned vagrant (whose character our extracts will develop more particularly) roaming at night for pleasure or for plunder, finds a lean ass on the bank of a river, which he determines to steal. "Your dull ass," how-

ever, "never mends his pace with beating," and this ass will not stir at all, but bends ruefully over the water. In the water is the drowned body of its master, which it has watched, without tasting food, for four days and nights. The apparition of this corse terrifies the marauder; he drags it out, and mounts the ass in search of the friends of the deceased, whom the animal now willingly trudges along to find. On their road Peter is appalled by loud shrieks in a wood, proceeding from the dead man's son; by some drops of blood upon the road proceeding from the ass's head, which he had broken; by some subterranean noises proceeding from a corps of miners; and by some earthly noises proceeding from a public house, which the conscience-stricken rider now avoids with horror. The ass finally turns up a lane where the widow of its drowned owner resides; the catastrophe is unfolded; the body buried; and Peter Bell

Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,
And, after ten months melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

How he manages this with "twelve wives," for such is the number assigned to him by the author, we are not informed: as they had all equal claims upon him, it may be supposed that he lived in a goodly and honest manner with them all, voluntarily inflicting upon himself the Hungarian punishment for polygamy.

To this story, far too mean, as we think, for dignity, and far too insignificant for an interest and pathos to be sustained through three long parts, is prefixed a rhapsody under the title of Prologue, beginning thus:

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Whose shape is like the crescent-moon.

And now I have a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon:
Fast through the clouds my Boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

This seems to be a plagiarism from the equally well-painted piece of imagination—

There was an old woman went up in a blanket
Twenty times as high as the moon,
Where she was going ne'er a one asked her,
But in her hand she carried a broom.

Only *this old woman* had an object; while Mr. Wordsworth has none, and if he were addressed in the same style he could not give so satisfactory an answer:

*Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
Where are you going, you're flying so high;
I'm going to sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And you may follow me—if you can fly?*

We must follow the author, whose prologue thus proceeds, after noticing his friends' affright at his skiff and him:

Meanwhile I from the helm admire
The pointed horns of my canoe:

Quere—how can a helmsman sit in a boat so as to see both stem and stern at once? Perhaps just in the same way as he dives upward in the ensuing verse:

Away we go, my Boat and I—
Frail man ne'er sat in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the heavens we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go—and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

This calm was "striving among the winds" only four lines before:

Up goes my Boat between the [two] stars
Through many a breathless field of light:

Though we never saw a *breathing* field, this is evidently no place for us to take breath in, so we run on through all the signs of the Zodiack, and over all the planets, still casting a glance however to the earth, where, in metre truly doggrel,

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands—
That silver thread the river Dnieper—
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
Ye fairies from all evil keep her!

We are glad to descend from the clouds to the poet's abode, even though he there introduces us to the company who are to hear his tale in such sad sportive simplicity as he imagines this to be.

To the stone table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The Squire is come;—his daughter Bea
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower.

With these are many more convened;
They know not I have been so far—
I see them there in number nine
Beneath the spreading Weymouth pine—
I see them—there they are!

How like an old nurse bo-peeping with a baby?

There sits the Vicar and his Dame;
And there my good friend, Stephen Otter;
And, ere the light of evening fall,
To them I must relate the tale
Of Peter Bell the Potter.

Miss Betsy is quite delighted with the Bard's arrival from his aerial excursion, where it was likely enough that Peter Bell the potter would go to pot, and thus naturally exclaimed—

"Oh, here he is!" cried little Bess—
She saw me at the garden door,
"We've waited anxiously and long,"
They cried, and all around me throng,
Full nine of them, or more!

However sickly and absurd this last line may be considered, it is no unfit prelude to the story itself, of which having given the outline, we shall now quote some passages. Among the Hero's other rambles

— he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain rills,
Had danced his rounds with Highland lasses;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills—

Two of these lines might be mended with this Potter-Don-Juan. But we leave the suggestion to Mr. W. and journey on.

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding scars;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars:

With any thing less winding than scars (abrupt angular and precipitous ravines or faces of rock) we are unacquainted; the phrase is as much nature as the ramby-pamby about little lots of stars is poetry. But of Peter? Peter, we have mentioned, is a worthless rascal—

Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;
He had a dozen wedded wives.

Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,—
That is, like a crab; but how a walk can be dark, unless figuratively spoken of blindness, we do not comprehend. His particular nocturnal perambulation, and meeting with the ass, the subject of this poem, being fully and faithfully delineated, the tale advances, though slowly, through pleonasm.

All, all is silent, rocks and woods,
All still and silent—far and near;
Only the ass, with motion dull
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turns round his long left ear.

Thought Peter, What can mean all this?
d we think what can all this mean?

The piffery being put down by Act of Parliament, not only asses, but rogues, may now turn their long left ears on the pivots of their skulls, only, perhaps Mr. Curtis the aurist will object to the anatomy of the figure. If that celebrated practitioner would think it a foolish, Peter Bell declares it to be a desperate trick.

"I'll cure you of these desperate tricks"—
And with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the ass's hide
He dealt a sturdy blow.

He continues to belabour the ass, as the author continues to be-labour his poetry; but nevertheless neither of them makes way. Indeed the parallel effect on ass and poem (if we may personify it) seems to run, as the saying is, on all fours.

Upon the beast the sapling rings,—
Heav'd his hank sides, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan—and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight river side
He gave three miserable groans;
" 'Tis come then to a pretty pass,"
Said Peter to the groaning ass,
"But I will bang your bones!"

Having disposed of this birth of male twin groans, we have a sort of parody upon them in

"A loud and piteous bray,"

which the *braying* elicited. The effect of this bray is quite *supernatural*, though the author pretends to have dispensed with its agency.

This *out-cry* (of the ass) on the heart of Peter
Seems like a note of joy to strike,—
Joy on the heart of Peter knocks;—
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

If this be not maudlin trash, we cannot tell what is: but it is the same throughout.

Among the rocks and winding crags—
Among the mountains far away—
Once more the ass did lengthen out
More ruefully an endless shout
The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray.

What is there now in Peter's heart?
Or whence the might of this strange sound?
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all about.

At the braying of an ass—truly, the moon has too much to do in this business. Peter, in revenge, resolves to throw the donkey into the water, but meets "a startling sight" in the pool. After many equally pertinent inquiries, touching this sight, it is asked,

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned!

We suspect the conclusion is a pun on a water dam, but for the rest of the verse we again profess our ignorance of meaning, never having seen such a damned, silent, face-betrayed, punch-sipping, tea-drinking party in a parlour on earth, as is here alluded to. But after all, reader, what do you think the spectacle at the bottom of the river really is? It is, in short, the drowned body of the ass's master.

Ah well-a-day for Peter Bell!—
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet statue for the court of Fear.

Would not *Bell-metal* be more appropriate?

He falls into a trance, but wakes again, and "feels the glimmering of the moon," (still harping on the moon.) He then mounts the ass, and trusts to the wiser brute to find out the dead man's relatives. The cry of a wood-boy, "distress," by looking at a dark cave, and shrieking fearfully in consequence of discovering this appalling and wonderful phenomenon assails them on their route, and here our ass, which, like the Devil in Milton, may fairly challenge the post of hero in competition with Peter Bell the potter, proves himself an uncommon scholar, for

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening ass doth rightly spell;
Wild as it is he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible;

This miraculous power in the ass works conviction in his rider, who from observing such knowledge in a beast, begins to think vengeance and visitation for his past crimes will overtake him. They trudge on, and one of their pieces of landscape is thus poetically described:

The rocks that lower on either side
Built up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the Hindoos,
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,
And castles all with ivy green.

But the enchantment of this scene is to come:

And while the ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change countenance
And look at Peter Bell.

Would it not have been more natural if Peter Bell had changed countenance and looked at them? Peter's next alarm is at "a dancing leaf," where there is no tree nor bush, and his next at a drop of the ass's blood, as stated in our outset. The next fact in this poem, whence the *supernatural* is excluded, is in an episode about a word self-written in flame upon a pious book which a "gentle soul" was

reading; and the next again, introduced with due solemnity, for

The ass turned round his head—and grinned—is the “appalling process” of a “mur-mur pent within the earth,” and occasioned by a troop of miners blasting with gunpowder “some twenty fathoms under ground.” The next conscience striker is a ruined chapel, which reminds Peter of that “in the shire of Fife,” where he married his “sixth wife.” The last of all is an apparition of himself, and of a Highland girl whom he had seduced to death. What is most remarkable in this place is, that the ass does not heed these imaginary terrors:

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace, hath no offence betray’d;—

What however crowns Peter’s com-punction and remorse is a voice from the tabernacle:—

Within, a fervent methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock.

The poem now becomes, we doubt not with the best of meaning, but in truth very profanely sacred: the recognition of the ass by the drowned man’s distracted family is however feelingly told, and, with fewer puerilities than any other part, the sincere repentance of Peter Bell concludes the tale.

We gladly take our leave of it. There are perhaps half a dozen fine passages, but nothing can in our mind redeem the besetting absurdity of the whole. It convinces us more and more that the system on which Mr. Wordsworth builds his rhyme is radically wrong; that no talent can render that pathetic which is essentially ludicrous, nor great which is decidedly vulgar, nor delightful which is glaringly disgusting. That any thing like genius should be employed on such a mass of folly as Peter Bell presents, is indeed both astonishing and vexatious. Having no view of it but as a gross perversion of intellect, we have freely delivered our sentiments: we should be sorry to hurt the author’s self-love by applying the argumentum ad ridiculum, but considering his example as most injurious to the poetic character of our country, we cannot compromise our public sense of the error so far as to spare our personal feelings.

There is, as a frontispiece, a pretty design by Sir George Beaumont, of a picturesque and romantic scene, not unworthy the pencil of Salvator. It is, however, very ill engraved, and looks like rotten ice. Four sonnets upon wild views by Westall are added to the principal poem.

PETER BELL. *A Lyrical Ballad.* pp. 29.

After the advertisement, and about a week previous to the publication of the tale reviewed in our preceding article, the above very humorous jeu d’esprit made its appearance. It is ascribed, we know not how truly, to the pen of Mr. H. Smith, one of the authors of the Rejected Addresses, and is not unworthy of even that parentage. The epigraph, “I do affirm that I am the real Simon Pure,” promises good entertainment; nor does the preface fall short of it in whimsical application. We extract it.

It is now a period of one-and-twenty years since I first wrote some of the most perfect compositions (except certain pieces I have written in my later days) that ever dropped from poetical pen. My heart has been right and powerful all its years. I never thought an evil or a weak thought in my life. It has been my aim and my achievement to deduce moral thunder from butter-cups, daisies, celandines, and (as a poet, scarcely inferior to myself, hath it) “such small deer.” Out of sparrows’ eggs I have hatched great truths, and with sextons’ barrows have I wheeled into human hearts piles of the weightiest philosophy. I have persevered with a perseverance truly astonishing, in persons of not the most pursy purses;—but to a man of my inveterate morality and independent stamp, (of which Stamps I am proud to be a distributor) the sneers and scoffings of impious Scotchmen, and the neglect of my poor uninspired countrymen, fall as the dew upon the thorn, (on which plant I have written an immortal stanza or two) and are as fleeting as the spray of the waterfall, (concerning which waterfall I have composed some great lines which the world will not let die)—Accustomed to mountain solitudes, I can look with a calm and dispassionate eye upon that fiend-like, vulture-souled, adder-fanged critter, whom I have not patience to name, and of whose Review I loathe the title, and detest the contents.—Philosophy has taught me to forgive the misguided miscreant, and to speak of him only in terms of patience and pity. I love my venerable Monarch and the Prince Regent.* My Ballads are the noblest pieces of verse in the whole range of English poetry: and I take this opportunity of telling the world I am a great man. Milton was also a great man. Ossian was a blind old fool. Copies of my previous works may be had in any numbers, by application at my publisher’s.

Of PETER BELL I have only thus much to say: it completes the simple system of natural narrative, which I began so early as 1798. It is written in that pure unlaboured style, which can only be met with among labourers;—and I can safely say, that while its imaginations spring beyond the reach of the most imaginative, its occasional mean-

* Mr. Vansittart, the great Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a noble character: and I con-
secrate this note to that illustrious financier.

ing occasionally falls far below the meanest capacity. As these are the days of counter-faits, I am compelled to caution my readers against them, “for such are abroad.” However, I here declare this to be the true Peter; this to be the old original Bell. I commit my Ballad confidently to posterity. I love to read my own poetry: it does my heart good. W. W.

N. B. The novel of Rob Roy is not so good as my Poem on the same subject.

Having thus ironically cleared the ring by beating out the egotism which presses so forward in the Lake-poets, and especially in their great organ and leader, our witty satirist thus begins to sing in verses which possess all the smoothness of the best of those which he ridicules, and a great deal of humour to which they cannot pretend.

It is the thirty-first of March,
A gusty evening—half past seven;
The moon is shining o’er the larch,
A simple shape—a cock’d-up arch,
Rising bigger than a star,
Though the stars are thick in Heaven.

Gentle moon! how canst thou shine
Over graves and over trees,
With as innocent a look
As my own grey eye-ball sees,
When I gaze upon a brook?

Beneath the ever blessed moon
An old man o’er an old grave stares,
You never look’d upon his fellow;
His brow is covered with grey hairs,
As though they were an umbrella.

He hath a noticeable look,*
This old man hath—this grey old man;
He gazes at the graves, and seems,
With over waiting, over wan,
Like Susan Harvey’s pen of creams.

’Tis Peter Bell—’tis Peter Bell,
Who never stirreth in the day;
His hand is wither’d—he is old!
On Sundays he is us’d to pray,
In winter he is very cold.

I’ve seen him in the month of August,
At the wheat-field, hour by hour,
Picking ear,—by ear,—by ear,—
Through wind,—and rain,—and sun,—and
shower,
From year,—to year,—to year,—to year.

It appears evident that the writer had not only a good remembrance of all Wordsworth’s published works, but a foresight of his individual Peter Bell about to issue from the press. The ver-sification is nearly similar, and the thoughts savour of imitation as well as inspiration.

Peter Bell doth lift his hand,
That thin hand, which in the light
Looketh like to oiled paper;
Paper oiled,—oily bright,—
And held up to a waxen taper.

* “A noticeable man with large grey eyes.”
Lyrical Ballads.

The hand of Peter Bell is busy,
Under the pent-house of his hairs;
His eye is like a solemn sermon;
The little flea severely fares,
'Tis a sad day for the vermin.

He is thinking of the Bible—
Peter Bell is old and blest;
He doth pray and scratch away,
He doth scratch, and bitten, pray
To *steer* away, and be at rest.

Peter Bell is pondering at eve over
the tomb-stones in the village church-
yard, where many of the characters
chosen and celebrated by Mr. Words-
worth's muse are buried.

His stick is made of wilding wood,
His hat was formerly of felt,
His duffel cloak of wool is made,
His stockings are from stock in trade,
His belly's belted with a belt.

His father was a bellman once,
His mother was a beldame old;
They kept a shop at Keswick Town,
Close by the Bell (beyond the Crown)
And pins and peppermint they sold.

He is stooping now about
O'er the grave-stones one and two;

Peter Bell he readeth ably,
All his letters he can tell;
Roman W.,—Roman S,
In a minute he can guess,
Without the aid of Dr. Bell.

Do listen unto Peter Bell,
While your eyes with tears do glisten:
Silence! his old eyes do read
All on which the boys do tread
When holidays do come—Do listen!

The ancient Marinere lieth here,
Never to rise, although he pray'd,—
But all men, all, must have their fallings;
And, like the Fear of Mr. Collins,
He died "of sounds himself had made."

Dead mad mother,—Martha Ray,
Old Matthew too, and Betty Foy,
Lack-a-daisy! here's a rout full;
Simon Lee whose age was doubtful,
Simon even the Fates destroy.

Harry Gill is gone to rest,
Goody Blake is food for maggot;
They lie sweetly side by side,
Beautiful as when they died;
Never more shall she pick faggot.

Still he reads, and still the moon
On the church-yard's mounds doth shine;
The brook is still demurely singing,
Again the belfry bell is ringing,
'Tis nine o'clock, six, seven, eight, nine!

Patient Peter pores and proses
On, from simple grave to grave;
Here marks the children snatched to heaven,
None left to blunder "we are seven;"—
Even Andrew Jones no power could save.

What a Sexton's work † is here,
Lord! the Idiot Boy is gone;
And Barbara Lewthwaite's fate the same,
And cold as mutton is her lamb;
And Alice Fell is bone by bone.

† "Let thy wheelbarrow alone," &c. See
my poem to a Sexton.

And tears are thick with Peter Bell,
Yet still he sees one blessed tomb;
Tow'rd it he creeps with spectacles,
And bending on his leather knees,
He reads the *Lukiest* Poet's doom.

The letters printed are by fate,
The death they say was suicide;
He reads—"Here lieth W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble
you:"
The old man smokes who 'tis that died.

Go home, go home—old Man, go home;
Peter, lay thee down at night,
Thou art happy, Peter Bell,
Say thy prayers for Alice Fell,
Thou hast seen a blessed sight.

He quits that moonlight yard of skulls,
And still he feels right glad, and smiles
With moral joy at that old tomb;
Peter's cheek recalls its bloom,
And as he creepeth by the tiles,
He mutters ever—"W. W.
Never more will trouble you, trouble you."

The old joke with which this merry
piece of grave reading concludes, may
be excused for its literal applicability.
Upon the whole, the real Simon Pure
has afforded us several hearty laughs, as
we doubt not our extracts will commu-
nicate to the majority of readers.

*A Narrative of the Expedition to Algiers
in 1816, &c.* By M. A. Salamé, a na-
tive of Alexandria, in Egypt, Inter-
preter in H. B. Majesty's service, who
accompanied Lord Exmouth for the
negotiations with the Dey. London,
1819. 8vo. pp. 230.

This title indicates a curious book, nor is
the promise disappointed; it is both singu-
lar and entertaining. The best account
of the battle of Waterloo was written by
a Spaniard; and this, the most interest-
ing account of the battle of Algiers, is
written by an Egyptian. Thus is the
glory of England spoken by tongues un-
used to her language, but enthusiastically
attached to her cause, because it was the
cause of suffering humanity, unconfined
to country or people.

M. Salamé has pleased us so much
that we fear we shall but ill discharge
the duty of critics upon his work. There
is a simplicity of heart about it which
wins us entirely over, and our most hos-
tile emotion is absorbed in a good laugh
at some of his little whimsical pecu-
liarities. The introduction contains almost
the only, and certainly far the best ac-
count of the destruction of the Mamluks,
by the present Pashaw of Egypt, which
has yet been made public. Of this dread-
ful catastrophe Mr. S. was an eye-witness,
being in the service of Shaheen Bey, (the
successor to Elfy Bey) and we only re-
gret that he has not completed the de-
tails of the bloody business which gave

Egypt a Monarch, though still nominally
a province of the Porte. As this intro-
duction comprises much original and
strange matter, we shall direct our atten-
tion to it, before we approach the Alge-
rine Expedition.

It commences with what the Author
oddly enough calls a "premature ab-
stract" of his life.

The family of Sálamé,* of the Christian
persuasion, is well known in Palestine, and
holds a respectable rank in society. The
grandfather of the author fled from the
atrocities of Jazzar Pashaw, or the butcher,
at St. John D'Acra, to Mount Lebanon,
whence his father came to Alexandria,
where he was appointed Treasurer of the
Customs, and married one of the Collec-
tor's nieces. Of this marriage Mr. A.
Salamé was born in November 1788, and
was consequently about ten years old when
the French invaded Egypt. From them he
got his first impulse towards acquiring the
European languages. At the native school
he only learnt the Psalms, the Acts of the
Apostles, a few chapters of the Gospel, and
some parts of the Bible in Arabic; and the
Catechism, with several other ecclesiastical
tracts. These schools are miserable little
rooms, where no more than fifteen or twenty
boys can be accommodated, there being no
schools for females at all. They sit on the
floor with crossed legs, upon a mat only;
and a few boys, whose fathers send them
cushions, are somewhat better off. At one
corner of the room the school-master sits,
with a wooden box instead of a desk before
him, and a ruler in his hand, calling up his
pupils singly to their lessons. Their hours
are from 7 or 8 in the morning till noon, and
after dinner again till evening. Idleness
or improper conduct is punished by *basti-
nado* on the feet; and Mr. S. represents the
teachers as low and ignorant.

Sálamé having left school, was put ap-
prentice at Cairo, to a Christian merchant,
from Syria, and at the age of fourteen could
speak Italian tolerably, knew a little French,
and a few words of English. He could not
reconcile himself to the rude customs of
his Syrian master, of whose manners he
relates some very characteristic traits, which
may serve to illustrate the brutal system of
the Eastern people in general.

The first thing (says he) that I was
obliged to do in the morning, between 7
and 8 o'clock, was to go and bid *good
morning* to my master and mistress, by
kissing their hands, and standing before
them, with my hands across my breast,
waiting to receive their orders. . . . If
my master was about to smoke, I was
obliged to run to the kitchen and bring a
piece of fire to light his pipe. . . . After
helping them to breakfast, and to wash,
the counting-house was attended to. At

* It signifies in Arabic "Salvation, peace,
tranquillity, safety," which our Author is very
earnest in noting, lest it should be mistaken for
the Italian *Salame*, which is the name of a
sausage!

noon my master's dinner was to come from home, and I was to attend him in the same manner as at his breakfast, after which he was accustomed to sleep for a couple of hours; and at six in the evening we were to go home. Before my master's coming home, my mistress was (after having spent her day in sewing or embroidering, and smoking) to fill a bottle with about a pint of a kind of very strong spirit, called "*Araki*," or *aqua vitae*, distilled from dates or from raisins, and to envelope it with a wetted piece of linen, in order to keep it cool till he came; likewise, she was to get ready for him, in a small plate, a few almonds, or radishes, or some cheese, to eat while drinking, in order to keep up, as they say, his appetite for supper. On his arrival at home, she was to receive him at the top of the stairs, to kiss his hand, to take off his great coat, to change his turban, and to stand before him with her hands across her breast, till he should order her to sit down, or ask her to bring him some water to wash his face and feet. After this, she was to bring him his pipe, and the bottle of spirit with the plate before-mentioned, and to fill a very small cup, and to present it to him, with something from the plate; and every time that he returned the cup empty to her, she was to receive it and kiss his hand. In short, by the time he had finished that bottle of spirit, he became quite tipsy, when he asked for his supper, which was to be brought to the same place where he was seated. He could eat but very little, and then we (I and my mistress) were obliged to carry him to his bed, when, very often, he was angry with us, and got up to beat me and my mistress.

Three months of this pleasant mode of living tired our author. He went to Rosetta, where he remained a year, making great improvement in his studies of European languages, in the counting-house of the Russian and Austrian Consul-General, from whose employment he passed into that of Mr. T. Petrucci, the English Vice-Consul. In 1805, business called him to Cosseir, and he travelled with the Caravan from Cairo to Suez, where he embarked. Anchoring the next forenoon at Toor, he visited the celebrated Monastery of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, where a considerable number of Greek Monks reside, in the midst of thousands of rude Arabs. As Mahomet was born in this neighbourhood, these Monks have a charter (or as we think a forged charter) which they pretend to have been granted by that famous impostor. Of this curious document, dated in the 4th year of *El-Hejira*, the author gives us a translation. It establishes a small land-tax for the lands belonging to the Monastery, which pays no other rent, and grants a remission of duties upon their wines and other articles, subject to Customs in the Turk-

ish dominions. Thus protected, as they have missionaries throughout the globe, and levy contributions every where, (as the Archbishop of Jerusalem, heaven bless the mark! is doing in England at this moment,) they have, says Mr. Sálámé, "*an immense income*." This decree of privileges is

Signed and sanctioned, agreeable to the divine ordinances, by the full stamp of the right hand of Mohammed, Apostle and Missionary of God.



This decree, so favourable to Christians, is not confined to the Monastery, but is available to all Europeans in Mohammedan countries, and the author says would be of great service to them if more generally known.

From Cosseir our traveller crossed the Red Sea, under the guidance of a pilot, blind with ophthalmia, who

Did not understand the compass, nor any other nautical instructions. He desired that they might sail exactly at noon, and directed the helm-man to keep the sun by his right shoulder. Thus piloted, they passed safely through an archipelago of rocks, on the third day reached in safety the Eastern or Arabian Coast, and in nine days more arrived at Jedda. Sailing from Jedda for Mocha, they had a most disastrous voyage. They were driven on the Abyssinian coast, and suffered dreadfully from the want of water. In returning, however, their misfortunes were still more deplorable, for they were wrecked on a remarkable rock, which is thus described. The nature of this rock is harder than flint, and no instrument can take effect upon it; it forms the shape of a tree growing in the sea, and is composed of different fine colours, as red, green, yellow, blue, white, &c. &c. but round it no bottom can be found for any anchorage at all. The top of it is composed of very sharp edges, like blades of razors laid one by the other, by which our feet and hands were horribly cut. Saved by their boat, the wretched crew got to Yambo, the Governor of which, an old Black slave, threw them into prison, and confined them five days on bread and water, with only once a day some fine dates. They were at last allowed to return to Cosseir; whence, after the repose of a week, they set out on camels, to proceed with a Caravan through a mountainous desert to Kena. From Kena, Sálámé went down the Nile, on account of the war between the Pashaw and the Mamluks, to Jerjá, Ekhmim, Manshiyé, Tahtta, and Assiútt, which province was under the command of Ibrahim Bey El-Kebier, or the Great, who was the oldest one among the Beys, and who had been forty years Governor of Cairo.

Here we must for the present leave our entertaining companion; promising speedily to abridge his account of the Mamluk contest and massacre: but, though a little out of order, we cannot

resist giving our readers a laugh at his concluding acknowledgment to "*all his friends*, who were so kind as to support and assist him with their gracious favours on various subjects." Expressed with grateful earnestness and most shepherd-like simplicity, had the author written an express satire on those too prevalent flatteries which disfigure almost every volume published in our times of puff and panegyric, we do not think he could have rendered them more truly ridiculous. He expresses his sincere obligation,

(Though in a hasty way at present) to all my friends, &c. especially to Sir Robert Liston, the British Ambassador, and his respectable Lady; Le Chevalier d'Italinsky, the late Russian Ambassador; Le Chevalier de Palin, the Swedish Ambassador, and his respectable family; to Conte Ludolf, the late Sicilian Ambassador, (who is the present one in London;) Il Signor Michele Bosovich, the late Prussian Charge d'Affaires; M. Gasparo Testa, the Dutch Charge d'Affaires; and to the Reverend Henry Lindsay, Chaplain to the British Embassy; of Constantinople. To Mr. Wilkin, of Smyrna; and to Captain William Brigham, of the Midas, with whom I came to England; to Thomas Elliot, Esq. and his respectable family; James Lindsay, Esq. and his respectable family, particularly James Lindsay, jun. Esq. for many favours; to Robert Thomson, Esq.; Charles Tottie, Esq.; His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for a favour of which he is not aware; the late Baron Jacobi Kloest, Prussian Ambassador, or to any of his descendants for ever; to William Hamilton, Esq. and all his respectable family, during my life; to my Lord Castlereagh; to Joseph Planta, Esq.; to Baron Rehausen, the late Swedish Ambassador; M. Anthony Ramadani, the Turkish Minister, for a favour of which he is not aware; to Earl Guildford; Lieut. Lempriere, of the Royal Engineers; to Patrick Colquhoun, Esq. for many favours; to Mrs. James Colquhoun, and William Gifford, Esq. for many favours; to Henry Longlands, Esq.; James Lusignan, jun. Esq.; James Colquhoun, Thomas Maude, John Wray, Esq.; and James Deacon, Esq. and his respectable family, of London; to whom I am not able to return my sincere thanks for the acknowledgment of their kindness, (by which I acknowledge myself particularly bound) but through the public print. And I most humbly hope, as I came to England in December 1815, without knowing how to spell "*bread*," that the reader will be pleased to pardon my deficiency through the whole of this work, which is now humbly laid at the feet of the British public. "And it is naturally difficult for a person to foresee his own faults."

Sure we are no one will be captious with regard to those of the ingenious M. Sálámé, whose honest but Egyptian mode of giving thanks for favours, of which the bestowers are not aware, of

favours (sic for shame!) bestowed by ladies, and perpetuating these during his life or to heirs for ever, we strenuously recommend to the study of modern panegyrista and book-makers, who have already exhausted the European style in this particular species of parasitical composition.

Memoirs of the Court of Napoleon Buonaparte. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 333.

We are reminded of the devoirs we ought long ago to have paid to this entertaining volume, by the extraordinary sensation which we observe its publication on the Continent has occasioned. It is not for us now to say that we cannot tell what anecdotes of Buonaparte are true, what false; but if internal evidence may be depended upon, at least the latter half of this book is deserving of credit; and as it seems to be recognized as genuine in France, where Madame Durand, one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Maria Louisa, has put her name to it as the author, we can have little hesitation in believing that it is truly what it pretends to be. At all events it is very amusing, and we proceed to glean a few of its many piquante and original anecdotes:—

He was fond of knowing all the little scandalous anecdotes relative to his courtiers, and he took a particular pleasure in jeering husbands on the adventures of their wives. Having in this way discovered an intrigue of the Duchess de Bassano—"Well," said he, one day, to the Duke, "your wife has a lover, it seems."—"I know it, Sir."—"And who informed you?"—"Herself, Sir; and for that reason I do not believe it." The Emperor, disconcerted by this reply, struck his forehead with his hand, and said, "Ah! how awful! how adroit these women are!"

It was the Duke de Rovigo who had given the information which the Emperor wished to make use of in teasing Bassano. Napoleon repeated the Duke's reply to him. "The story is not the less true," said Savary. "It is certain that, on such a day, and at such an hour, the Duchess left her carriage, in the Champs Elysées, hastened to get among the trees, and after walking there for about five minutes, entered by a private door, which was designedly kept half open, where General *** was waiting for her."—"I know all that," replied the Emperor; "I knew it before you told me: but you should also have informed me, that the Duchess was, in about a quarter of an hour after, followed by another lady, in whom you have a greater interest, and who made a visit to the same general's aide-de-camp." The fact was correct, and the tale-bearer was not a little disconcerted to find that the last-mentioned lady was his own wife.

M. de Narbonne had presided at an electoral college, in a department at a considerable distance from the capital. "What do they say of me in the different departments through which you have passed?" inquired the Emperor. "Sire," replied M. de Narbonne, "some say you are a deity, others that you are a devil; but all agree that you are more than a man."

The masked ball was a favourite amusement of Napoleon. He never failed to ascertain beforehand the disguise to be assumed by those females with whom he wished to intrigue; and as he knew all the scandalous anecdotes and secret intrigues of his court, he took a wicked pleasure in teasing the ladies, and alarming their husbands and lovers. He never scrupled to plant the seeds of discord and division in families, provided he could attain his object, namely, to amuse himself, and to prove that no adventure could be so cautiously conceived as to escape his knowledge.

Napoleon once complained to Maria-Louisa, of the conduct of her mother-in-law and the Archdukes; having manifested considerable dissatisfaction, he added, "As to the Emperor, I say nothing of him, he is a *ganache*."* Maria-Louisa did not understand this expression; and as soon as Napoleon withdrew, she asked her attendants what it meant. As none of the ladies could venture to explain its real signification, they told her that the word was used to designate a serious, reflecting man. The Empress forgot neither the term nor the definition, and she sometime afterwards applied it in a very amusing way. During the time she was intrusted with the regency of the French empire, an important question one day came under discussion at the Council of State. Having remarked that Cambacérès did not utter a word, she turned towards him, and said, "I should like to have your opinion on this business, Sir, for I know you are a *ganache*." At this compliment, Cambacérès stared with astonishment and consternation, whilst he repeated in a low tone of voice the word *ganache*.—"Yes," replied the Empress, "a *ganache*, a serious thinking sort of man; is not that the meaning of it?"—No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded.

On the Emperor's reaching the Saxon territories, he inquired whether many fugitives had been seen there, and received for answer, "No, Sir, you are the first."

He was fond of splendour and magnificence on all public occasions, though it was his wish that economy should be observed in the interior of his household. As he was once journeying to Compeigne, finding that his carriage did not proceed so rapidly as he wished, he let down the window and exclaimed to the lance-men who accompanied him, "*Plus vite! plus vite!*" Caulain-

court, who, in quality of grand squire, preceded the Emperor in another carriage, thrust his head out at the window, and declared, with an oath, that he would dismount all the lancemen if they offered to quicken their pace. The horses accordingly proceeded at a moderate trot. When the Emperor reached Compeigne, he complained of the tardiness of his journey: "Sire," replied Caulaincourt, very coolly, "allow me more money for the maintenance of your stalls, and you may kill as many horses as you think fit." Napoleon changed the conversation.

One day, whilst he was breakfasting with the Empress, he asked one of the ladies in waiting, what might be the expense of a *pâté*, which was upon the table. "Twelve francs to your Majesty," replied the lady, good-humouredly, "and six francs to a citizen of Paris." "That is only saying I am imposed upon!" returned Napoleon. "No, Sire, it has always been customary for Sovereigns to pay more than their subjects." "I do not understand that," exclaimed the Emperor, emphatically, "I must inquire into this business." In short, he frequently entered into details of domestic economy, which are sometimes neglected by private individuals.

On another occasion, being in the Empress's apartments, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and one belonging to Maria-Louisa, which was elegantly embroidered and trimmed with lace, was presented to him. He asked one of the ladies what it might cost: "Sire," said she, "it is worth between 80 and 90 francs." He made her repeat the words a second time, as though he had misunderstood her. "Well," said he, "if I were a lady in the service of the Empress, I would steal one of these handkerchiefs every day: why it would be worth all the emoluments of your situation!" "It is fortunate, Sire," replied the lady, with a smile, "that her Majesty is surrounded by persons less disinterested than you seem to imagine."

One morning that one of his Chamberlains, related to the first nobility of France, was in the anti-chamber of the Emperor's closet, the latter called him, and asked for a book. "Sire," said the Chamberlain, "the Valets are gone out, but I will call them." "I do not ask them," replied Napoleon, "I ask you: What difference is there between them and you? They have a laced green livery, and you have an embroidered red."

When Buonaparte, then first consul for life, wished to take the title of Emperor, his brother Lucien opposed himself to the project with all his power; and finding his efforts unavailing, "Your ambition knows no bounds," said he; "you are master of France, you wish to be master of all Europe. Do you know what the result will be? You will be smashed to pieces like this watch—flinging his watch violently upon the floor.

* A word of contempt, a stupid fellow.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR FEBRUARY 1819.

(Continued.)

Art. VII. A Journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Koordistan, in 1813 and 1814, &c.

On a former occasion, (says M. Letronne) we observed how useful to geography would be some accurate itineraries of the principal routes through this interesting country, drawn up by travellers who were friends to truth, and more intent to add really to our knowledge, than to write useless remarks on places which their predecessors have sufficiently described.

This is the kind of utility which the work before us affords. The author, who was placed in a particular situation, was able to traverse Asia Minor in several directions, and to collect a multitude of new facts; he gives us his travels in the form of a simple itinerary, which, in a volume of moderate compass, contains more new geographical data, than a chief part of the travels in Asia Minor hitherto published. This work is the more valuable, as, after the dangers which the author encountered, and the fatigues which he underwent, it is probable that it will be long before we shall see any travellers bold enough to follow his steps.

From a short introduction we learn that Mr. M. Kinneir sailed from Harwich to Gottenburg in the beginning of 1813, to travel through Russia to Constantinople, this being at that time the only safe route by land. A plan formed by Buonaparte for the invasion of India, was much talked of in England, and Mr. M. Kinneir set out solely for the purpose of visiting all the countries through which a European army must pass to go to India. In consequence of this plan, he intended, after having visited Asia Minor and Persia, to traverse the countries to the North-west of that kingdom, and the vast plains extending to the North of the Oxus, as far as the frontiers of the Russian Empire.

Meantime the French army, a victim to the imprudence and the obstinacy of its leader, had, for the most part, perished in the wilds of Russia, and Mr. M. Kinneir was able to proceed directly to Dresden; and though he must naturally suppose that this disastrous event would adjourn indefinitely the expedition to India, he proceeded to execute his plan, and reached Constantinople about the end of June 1813.

M. Letronne proceeds to give an ample account of Mr. M. Kinneir's travels, with extracts and remarks by way of illustration. This analysis is continued in a second article, in the Journal des Savans for March, after which M. L. observes, "We have been able to extract only the narrative part of this itinerary, of which we have noticed the principal results. The geographical details were not very susceptible of analysis, and we have been obliged to choose only a small number of them, though this is incontestably the most interesting and useful part of the work; its being written as a journal, renders it dry, but we are

indemnified by the importance of the information which it affords. It furnishes great geographical assistance to draw up an infinitely more accurate and more complete map of Asia Minor than we have hitherto possessed, because the author notes with extreme care all the rhumbs of the route, in its several turnings, and gives, at the same time, the length of each of these turnings in miles. There are parts of the route in the interior of Asia Minor entirely new; all are modified and considerably ameliorated. The itinerary from Trebisond to Erzerum, and, above all, that from Erzerum to Mosul, by way of Merdin, are extremely interesting. Mr. Kinneir has besides determined, by meridian observations, the latitude of several important places, such as Unieh and Tereboli, on the coast of the Black Sea, Erzerum, Belis, Merdin, Costamboul, Angora, Iconium, Cesarza, Ouscat, the latitude of which was not known, Adana, Ofium Kara-Hissar.

"An equally interesting article, is a very circumstantial description of the course of the Tigris, from Mosul to Bagdad, pointing out the windings of the river, with their direction, and their length, estimated by the time employed in passing them, and the situation of all the ruins on both banks of the river.

"At the end of the itinerary are two essays, one on the possibility of an invasion of India, by land, composed before the fall of Napoleon, the other on the retreat of the ten thousand from Canaxa. Mr. Kinneir appears not to have been acquainted with the great work of Major Rennell, at least he nowhere mentions it. He differs on several points from that illustrious geographer, and seems to be in several cases nearer the truth.

"The appendix contains, 1st, Twenty-six inscriptions collected at different places. 2d, The astronomical calculations on which are founded the latitudes of the cities named above. 3d, The detailed description of the course of the Tigris from Mosul to Bagdad. 4th, The position, both in latitude and longitude, of eight islands on the south coast of the Persian Gulph, seen from on board the *Favorite*, on the 13th and 14th of June 1816; a curious and important article.

Besides the three routes of which we have spoken, the appendix contains two itineraries through Asia Minor. One, drawn up by Mr. Bruce, gives the route between Aleppo and Cesarea or Mazaea, by Commagene and Cutaonia; and from Cesarea to Angora by Morimene, to the south of Ouscat; a route but little frequented and very imperfectly known. This itinerary, in which all the distances are marked in hours, contains several interesting geographical facts.

"The other itinerary contains the route travelled by Mr. Kinneir himself, in the winter of 1810, between Merdin and Constantinople, by way of Sivas and Tocat. Though less detailed than those which the author has described in the body of his work, this itinerary is extremely valuable,

because all the distances are marked with the greatest care in hours' journeys, as in the preceding.

"These two itineraries, added to the three preceding, compose a total of five different routes through Asia Minor; the whole contains a considerable mass of valuable information, which throws a new light on the geography of Asia Minor; and it is just to allow that among all the works which have hitherto appeared on this country, there is none which can be compared for its scientific utility to that of Mr. Macdonald Kinneir."

Having done ourselves the pleasure of quoting the merited eulogium bestowed by the learned Reviewer on this work, justice requires that we should add the complaints he makes on two points; the first, "That the inscriptions are so ill copied, so full of gross errors, as to be absolutely unintelligible. 'C'est un grimoire indechiffable,' says M. L. which we are afraid cannot be translated by any thing more polite than *pot-hooks and hangers*. The second complaint is of the numerous and often offensive contradictions between the work and the map which should illustrate it; 'which doubtless arises from the extreme precipitation with which Mr. Arrowsmith has had it drawn and engraved. This at least may explain the enormous quantity of orthographical faults which disfigure it, particularly in the ancient names.' M. L. notices some of the discrepancies between the text and the map, e.g. in the course of the river Melas, and the situation of the town of Sivas.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

(Continued.)

Some details respecting the coals which are of such vast importance to England for fuel, may not be misplaced here. In the year 1239, King Henry III. granted to the inhabitants of Newcastle the liberty to dig for coals in their territory. A document, bearing date in 1280, says, that the trade in coals had so increased the revenues of the town, that they amounted at that time to above 200 pounds sterling.

The use of coals had become so common in London, so early as the year 1306, that the Parliament made a complaint to the King, stating that the air was infected by the exhalations produced by them; in consequence of these complaints, two proclamations were issued, prohibiting the use of coals. But necessity and experience soon triumphed over ignorance and prejudice, and the use of this valuable combustible was resumed.

Pope Pius II. relates in his Commentaries, that in his visit to Scotland, he had observed stones distributed at the church doors, by way of alms to the poor; that these stones were impregnated with combustible matter, and that they were burnt

instead of wood, which was very rare in that country.

We subjoin a table of the coal trade of Newcastle, during a period of two years. This document, which comes from an authentic source, may give some idea of the extent of the mines of this country:—

Year.	Interior of the Kingdom.	Foreign Countries.	The Colonies.	Total consumption in Chaldrons.
1802	404,488	41,151	9,844	555,489
1803	505,157	42,808	1,516	549,481
1804	579,929	46,757	3,852	629,538
1805	554,827	47,913	9,360	602,400
1806	567,719	44,858	1,919	633,896
1807	554,571	25,494	1,848	561,713
1808	615,786	14,635	1,006	630,447
1809	550,221	12,640	1,092	564,853
1810	622,573	16,951	2,510	641,834
1811	634,371	15,918	2,136	652,325

The question, whether the various strata of coal, and their envelopes (coverings) of clay or chalk, are to be reckoned among the primitive substances created at the same time with the earth, or among secondary productions, produced either by inundations and alluvion, or by volcanic convulsions, is still a subject of doubt and inquiry among naturalists. It is, however, certain that the remains of animals and vegetables are often found in the envelopes of the coal, and that the coal itself sometimes retains the form of the organic bodies from which it is derived. The coal in the parish of Bovey, near Exeter, is found in large masses, representing the trunks and branches of trees heaped together. Similar phenomena have been remarked in Iceland, at Brull near Luxemburg, at Cologne, at Bonn, and at the foot of the mountains which are on the road from Lyons to Strasbourg.

All the strata which cover the coal, contain a great diversity of vegetable substances, or at least bear the impression of them, particularly of the Bamboo of the Indies, of the Euphorbia of the Indies, of ferns, vetches, &c.

The strata of slate in the mine of Holling Hill, near Felling, furnishes fine specimens of pine cones, ears of barley, and turnip roots; the latter are changed into ferruginous stones; in the strata of slate in the coal mine of South Shields, sea shells have often been discovered. Whole trees are found, which pass from the strata of hardened clay to the strata of sand-stone. At Kenton, seats have been cut of this substance, in which we can distinguish the concentric circles which mark the age of the trees. The inequalities of the bark are also seen in them. It has been possible to follow the most delicate ramifications of a tree, and the stratum in which its roots were found appears to be an uninterrupted tissue of impressions of vegetables. This circumstance seems to favour the opinion of those who believe that in some revolutions or inundations the earth may have been covered with a fine clay, and that this clay has received the impressions of the plants which were buried in it.

It is remarkable that the upper strata contain ferruginous stones, coal, and vegetable impressions, but no trace of marine animals; whereas the lower strata, composed of calcareous stones, contain remains of marine animals, and no vegetable impressions.

We will quote here the words of the learned Whitehurst:—"As all the strata which accompany coal are filled, says he, with impressions of vegetables, it may be hence inferred, that all the coal is formed of vegetable substances, which have been inclosed in the stone or in the clay; and the same might be said of the origin of iron, for the same strata contain also iron ore; and when we find vegetables in a state of putrefaction in stagnant waters, those waters are ferruginous."

(To be concluded in our next.)

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, APRIL 24.

On Wednesday last, the first day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

BACHELORS OF CIVIL LAW.—John Brown, of Ch. Ch. Esq. grand compounder; Edward Henry Dawkins, Fellow of All Souls College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Right Hon. the Earl of Clare, of Ch. Ch., Richard Potenger, of Pembroke College, Esq. and Rev. John Jones, of Trinity College, grand compounders; Rev. Henry Bolton, and Rev. Wm. Weston Deacon, of Exeter College; The Hon. George Welbore Agar Ellis, of Ch. Ch.; Rev. Charles Henry Hutton, Fellow, William Morgan and Charles Miller, Demys, of Magdalen College; Rev. Lancelot Bellas, Taberdar of Queen's College.

In a full Convocation, the Rev. William Wilson, M.A. was admitted Senior Proctor, and the Rev. William Dodson, M.A. was admitted Junior Proctor.

The Rev. George Porter, and William Jackson, M.A. were admitted Senior Proctors; and the Rev. John Williams, M.A. and the Rev. John Radcliffe, M.A. were admitted junior Pro-Proctors.

Thursday, the Rev. Benjamin Parsons Symons, and the Rev. William Russell, Proctors of the last year, were admitted Bachelors in Divinity.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 23.

Professor Christian will begin his Lectures upon the Constitution and the Laws of England, on Tuesday next.

The Lectures on Political Economy will commence on Thursday the 29th instant, at twelve o'clock, in the Anatomy Schools opposite Queen's College.

There will be Congregations on the following days of the present Term:—

Friday..... April 23, at eleven.
Wednesday..... May 12, at eleven.
Wednesday..... May 26, at eleven.
Friday..... June 11, at ten. (Stat.)
Saturday..... July 3, at eleven.
Monday..... July 5, at eleven.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY ON UNROLLING THE HERCULANEUM MSS.

An interesting Memoir on this subject appears in XIII. of the QUARTERLY JOURNAL of Science, &c. Never was chemistry applied to a purpose dearer to literature. Our admired Chemist says:

Having witnessed Dr. Siehler's attempts to unroll some of the Herculanum MSS., it occurred to me that a chemical examination of the nature of the MSS., and of the changes that they had undergone, might offer some data as to the best methods to be attempted for separating the leaves from each other, and rendering the characters legible.

My experiments soon convinced me that the nature of these MSS. had been generally misunderstood; that they had not, as is usually supposed, been carbonized by the operation of fire, and that they were in a state analogous to peat, or Bovey coal, the leaves being generally cemented into one mass by a peculiar substance which had formed during the fermentation and chemical change of the vegetable matter composing them, in a long course of ages. The nature of this substance being known, the destruction of it became a subject of obvious chemical investigation; and I was fortunate enough to find means of accomplishing this without injuring the characters or destroying the texture of the MSS.

After the chemical operation, the leaves of most of the fragments perfectly separated from each other, and the Greek characters were in a high degree distinct; but two fragments were found in peculiar states; the leaves of one easily separated, but the characters were found wholly defaced on the exterior folds, and partially defaced on the interior. In the other, the characters were legible on such leaves as separated, but an earthy matter, or a species of tufa, prevented the separation in some of the parts; and both these circumstances were clearly the results of agencies to which the MSS. had been exposed, during or after the volcanic eruption by which they had been covered.

It appeared probable from these facts, that different MSS. might be in other states, and that one process might not apply to all of them; but even a partial success was a step gained; and my results made me anxious to examine in detail the numerous specimens preserved in the museum at Naples. [Having obtained facilities for this purpose, the result is thus stated.]

In this report I shall first consider the circumstances under which the MSS. have been buried, and the agencies to which they have been exposed; from which it will be easy to account for the state in which they are found. This state I shall next describe, and consider the means which have hitherto been employed for unrolling them, and the assistance which chemical processes seem to afford to the undertaking; and I shall,

lastly, offer some suggestions as to the nature of the works which may be expected to be found amongst these imperfect and mutilated remains of ancient literature.

An examination of the excavations that still remain open at Herculaneum immediately confirmed the opinion which I entertained, that the MSS. had not been acted on by fire. These excavations are in a loose tufa, composed of volcanic ashes, sand, and fragments of lava, imperfectly cemented by ferruginous and calcareous matter. The theatre, and the buildings in the neighbourhood, are encased in this tufa, and, from the manner in which it is deposited in the galleries of the houses, there can be little doubt that it was the result of torrents laden with sand and volcanic matter, and descending at the same time with showers of ashes and stone still more copious than those that covered Pompeii. The excavation in the house in which the MSS. were found, as I was informed by Monsig. Rosini, has been filled up; but a building, which is said by the guides to be this house, and which, as is evident from the engraved plan, must have been close to it, and part of the same chain of buildings, offered me the most decided proofs that the parts nearest the surface, and, *à fortiori*, those more remote, had never been exposed to any considerable degree of heat. I found a small fragment of the ceiling of one of the rooms, containing lines of gold leaf and vermillion in an unaltered state; which could not have happened if they had been acted upon by any temperature sufficient to convert vegetable matter into charcoal.

The state of the MSS. exactly coincides with this view; they were probably on shelves of wood, which were broken down when the roofs of the houses yielded to the weight of the superincumbent mass; hence many of them were crushed and folded in a moist state, and the leaves of some pressed together in a perpendicular direction, and all of them mixed in two confused heaps; in these heaps the exterior MSS. and the exterior parts of the MSS. must have been acted on by water; and as the ancient ink was composed of finely-divided charcoal suspended in a solution of glue or gum, wherever the water percolated continuously, the characters were more or less erased.

Moisture, by its action upon vegetable matter, produces decomposition, which may be seen in peat bogs in all its different stages; when air and water act conjointly on leaves or small vegetable fibres, they soon become brown, then black, and by long continued operation of air, even at common temperatures, the charcoal itself is destroyed, and nothing remains but the earths which entered into the constitution of the vegetable substance. When vegetable matter is not exposed to moisture or air, its decay is much slower; but in the course of ages its elements gradually re-act on each other, the volatile principles separate, and the carbonaceous matter remains.

Of the MSS. the greater number, those which probably were least exposed to moisture or air, (for till the tufa consoli-

dated air must have penetrated through it) are brown, and still contain some of their volatile substance, or extractive matter, which occasions the coherence of the leaves; others are almost entirely converted into charcoal, and in these, when their form is adapted to the purpose, the layers may be readily separated from each other by mechanical means. Of a few, particularly the superficial parts, and which probably were most exposed to air and water, little remains except the earthy basis, the charcoal of the characters, and some of that of the vegetable matter, being destroyed, and they are in a condition approaching to that of the MSS. found at Pompeii, where the air, constantly penetrating through the loose ashes, there being no barrier against it as in the consolidated tufa of Herculaneum, has entirely destroyed all the carbonaceous parts of the Papyrus, and left nothing but earthy matter. Four or five specimens that I examined were heavy and dense, like the fragment to which I referred in the introduction to this report, a considerable quantity of foreign earthy matter being found between the leaves and amongst the pores of the carbonaceous substance of the MSS., evidently deposited during the operation of the cause which consolidated the tufa.

The number of MSS., and of fragments originally brought to the museum, as I was informed by M. Ant. Scotti, amounted to 1,696; of these 88 have been unrolled, and found in a legible state; 319 more have been operated upon, and more or less, unrolled, and found not to be legible; 24 have been presented to foreign potentates.

Amongst the 1,265 that remain, and which I have examined with attention, by far the greatest number consists of small fragments, or of mutilated or crushed MSS., in which the folds are so irregular as to offer little hopes of separating them so as to form connected leaves; from 80 to 120 are in a state which present a great probability of success, and of these the greater number are of the kind in which some volatile vegetable matter remains, and to which the chemical process, referred to in the beginning of this report, may be applied with the greatest hopes of useful results.

One method only has been adopted in the museum at Naples for unrolling the MSS., that invented in the middle of the last century; it is extremely simple, and consists in attaching small pieces of gold-beater's skin to the exterior of the MSS., by means of a solution of isinglass, suffering the solution to dry, and then raising, by means of thread moved by wooden screws, the gold-beater's skin, and the layer adhering to it from the body of the MS.; this method of unrolling has the advantage of being extremely safe,—but it is, likewise, very slow, three or four days being required to develop a single column of a MS. It applies, likewise, only to such MSS. as have no adhesive matter between the leaves; and it has almost entirely failed in its application to the class of MSS. which are found to have Roman characters, and where the texture of the leaf is much thicker. It re-

quires, likewise, a certain regularity of surface in the MSS.

The persons charged with the business of unrolling the MSS. in the museum, informed me that many chemical experiments had been performed upon the MSS. at different times, which assisted the separation of the leaves, but always destroyed the characters. To prove that this was not the case with my method, I made two experiments before them, one on a brown fragment of a Greek MS., and the other on a similar fragment of a Latin MS., in which the leaves were closely adherent; in both instances the separation of the layers was complete, and the characters appeared to the persons who examined them more perfect than before.

I did not think it proper to communicate the details of my method to the operators in the museum; for though it possesses great simplicity, yet it must be performed with care, and is a gradual process, and might be injurious in unskilful hands, and ought to be executed by an accurate manipulator, and one acquainted with the science of chemistry. My only motive for deferring the publication of it has been the hope of rendering it subservient in a secure way, and upon an extensive scale, to an undertaking which, without some such method, seemed a bequest to posterity or to future ages.

I brought with me to Rome some fragments of Greek MSS., and one of a Latin MS.; and experiments that I have made upon them induce me to hope that a modification of the process just referred to will considerably assist the separation of the leaves, even when they are not adherent; and that another modification of it will apply to those specimens containing earthy matter, where the letters are not destroyed.

Every thing I have seen or done confirms my opinion, that the resources of chemistry are applicable, in a variety of instances, to this labour; but it must be always recollected, that after the separation of the leaves, there must be great care, great nicety of mechanical operation, and great expenditure of time, in preserving them, in attaching them to a proper basis, in reading and copying them; for, in their most perfect state, they become mere broken layers of carbonaceous matter, upon which the charcoal of the characters is distinguished only by its difference in lustre or in shade of colour.

Hitherto there have been no systematic attempts to examine in detail all the MSS. which contain characters, so as to know what is really worth the labour of unrolling and preserving; but this clearly is the plan which it would be most profitable and useful to pursue. The name of the author has generally been found in the last leaf unrolled; but two or three of the first columns would enable a scholar to judge of the nature of the work, and by unrolling a single fold, it might be ascertained whether it was prose or verse, or historical, or physical, or ethical. By employing, according to this view, an enlightened Greek scholar to di-

rect the undertaking, one person to superintend the chemical part of the operation, and from fifteen to twenty persons for the purpose of performing the mechanical labour of unrolling and copying, there is every reason to believe, that in less than twelve months, and at an expense not exceeding 2,500*l.* or 3,000*l.* every thing worth preserving in the collection would be known, and the extent of the expectations that ought to be formed, fully ascertained.

It cannot be doubted, that the 407 papyri, which have been more or less unrolled, were selected as the best fitted for attempts, and were, probably, the most perfect; so that, amongst the 100, or 120, which remain in a fit state for trials, even allowing a superiority of method, it is not reasonable to expect that a much larger proportion will be legible. Of the 88 MSS. containing characters, with the exception of a few fragments, in which some lines of Latin poetry have been found, the great body consists of works of Greek philosophers or sophists; nine are of Epicurus, thirty-two bear the name of Philodemus, three of Demetrius, and one of each of these authors, Colotes, Polystratus, Carniades, and Chrysippus; and the subjects of these works, and the works of which the names of the authors are unknown, are either natural or moral philosophy, medicine, criticism, and general observations on the arts, life, and manners.

It is possible that some of the celebrated long-lost works of antiquity may still be buried in this collection; but the probability is, that it consists entirely of the works of the Greek sophists and of Roman poets, who were their admirers. When it is recollected, however, that Lucretius was an Epicurean, a hope must arise with regard to the Latin works; but, unfortunately, the wretched and mutilated appearance which they exhibit (they are in a much worse condition than the Greek works) renders this hope extremely feeble: for no powers of chemistry can supply lost characters, or restore what is mechanically destroyed.

The Essay concludes with a speculation on the works likely to be unfolded, and a just tribute to the Prince Regent, under whose munificent patronage what has been done *has been done*.

SALE OF THE LONDON MUSEUM.

This sale commenced on Thursday, and was continued yesterday. It has attracted much of science and curiosity to the Metropolis, and we noticed that, upon the whole, (as far as our judgment went) the articles brought generally fair prices. Among the most remarkable things sold on Thursday, was the circular Mosaic pavement from Nero's Bath, which we are happy to say does not leave England, being purchased by Mr. Hart Davis, for 350 guineas. The Colossal Statue of Buonaparte was, we believe, bought for Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill, and thus a relic of

another tyrant remains in this free country. The square Mosaic pavement was knocked down for foreign speculation. Yesterday the fire-arms, &c. of Napoleon, were in the catalogue, but our time for going to press will not permit of noticing the result.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY; 50TH YEAR, AND OPENING.

This marked era in the history of the principal body connected with our national school of arts, invites a few remarks, more general perhaps than an ordinary annual exhibition might have called forth. At the end of fifty years since the establishment of the Royal Academy, as from a pinnacle in a mighty ridge of mountains, we can look back towards the vale below on all the steepes that have been passed, and, with an eye improved by experience, forward to those acclivities which yet lie between us and the glorious summit which pierces the heavens and is gilded with everlasting sunshine.

It may justly be said that an English school of painting was not founded till the middle of the eighteenth century, when an incorporated society of artists, happily recommending itself to a patriot King, became the means of forming the present Royal Academy for Painting and Sculpture, under the auspices of our then beloved and now venerated Sovereign. Immediately previous to this fortunate period, English Art had merely struggled into existence, discovering however a vigorous stamina, striking deep its roots and spreading wide its branches;—not indeed in the sunshine of patronage, or under the fostering culture of public taste. It had no Galleries to display, no Institutions to cherish it: its chief and almost only exhibition was the streets of the metropolis, and its best encouragement was from the retail trader! At this time large prices were given for *signs*, and it is within the remembrance of persons still living, that these appendages to traffic, including the wood and iron work, have cost from one to two hundred pounds. Nor, rude as it may seem, were the Artists of those days devoid of emulation, or their works destitute of merit; since it is commonly understood that Catton and Keyse, as well as others of higher name, distinguished themselves as sign painters. But a stop was put to their craft by Act of Parliament; the public way was cleared from projecting spouts and inviting signs, and a scattering of the profession ensued similar to the dispersion of their predecessors in the fanatic age of Cromwell, since which nothing propitious to the edification of a British School had arisen. The unfortunate race of Stuart indeed possessed one noble qualification for governing a cultivated people: it was their love of the Fine Arts, of those Arts the appearance of which, according to Virgil, on landing on a foreign

strand, was sufficient to distinguish civilization from barbarism. But the Revolution, whatever its consequences to our religion and liberties, was a severe blow to the rising genius of painting: none of the immediate successors of James II. had a taste for the fine arts, and without a proper feeling of their beauty and excellence, it is not easy to entertain a just opinion of their utility and importance. We speak doubtfully, as it becomes us to speak respectfully on the subject, when we observe that the impression on our minds is, that His present Majesty was influenced rather by a sound judgment in his patronage of the arts, than by that enthusiastic sentiment which equally inspires their truest admirers and most illustrious professors. It is this sentiment alone which can render Princes glorious, and their reigns epochs in the peaceful annals of nations; which can throw a halo round a bright spot of time, and bequeath it to posterity to distinguish by the splendid epithet of an *Augustan* or a *Georgian* age. Such, we trust, may be that in which it is our fortune to live; the result of many combining causes,—a throne filled by the finest perception of merit in sculpture and painting, a nobility emulous to blazon and exalt native talent, and a people rapidly awaking to the exquisite delight of these noble refinements, and becoming hourly more enlightened in the appreciation of these brilliant, yet imperishable monuments. Much has been done—much remains to be done;—but we resume our topic.

Previous to the establishment of the Royal Academy, the capability of Britain to produce great artists (in contradiction of the absurd notion, that the climate under which the first of philosophers and most immortal of poets flourished, was incongenial to eminence in painting,) was sufficiently indicated. From early days we had seen our Coopers, Dobsons, Rileys, Olivers; and more lately, a Thornhill, a Hayman, a Ramsay, a Hogarth, a Wilson, &c. vindicated the honour of their country. It only remained to embody, and give a direction to those talents which England proved she possessed; and her riches in this respect may be conceived when on looking at the names of the original academicians we read in addition to several already mentioned those of Reynolds, Barry, Gainsborough, and others whose works rank them with the most celebrated men of ancient or modern times.

Thus endowed, it may well be imagined that high expectations were entertained of the future effects to be produced by the Royal Academy. The infant difficulties of all such establishments were overlooked in these sanguine prospects, as the difficulties of riper maturity are often disregarded in the estimates made of the present conduct of this respectable body. The grand feature, as it appears to us, to which this incorporation and its annual exhibition has essentially contributed, is the improvement of public taste, growing out of a knowledge of the principles of art, and

directed by judgment to select what it has power to reward.

During this memorable *fifty years* there has been many displays of genius, and a multitude of productions have been hung on the walls of the Academy, which if they could be collected from their numerous receptacles, would form an aggregate of excellence of which it is hardly possible to imagine the extent. We know not whether we should think it a good or an evil that the number of professors of painting and sculpture has increased in proportion, or perhaps beyond proportion, to the notoriety and encouragement given. It is true that in a large and open field of competition there is more hope of merit starting up than in one darkling and confined. But the result of an overstocked profession, like an overstocked trade, is to depreciate the material and debase its maker. At all events it augments the struggle for precedence, and it is, we fancy, owing to this, in a great measure, that party spirit runs so indecorously high among our artists, and that the complaints against the Academy, and especially against that portion of it vested with authority to regulate the Exhibitions, are so loudly and we must say so generally urged. The *Disappointed* naturally clamour about the neglect they have experienced or supposed; and the *Appointed* as naturally assert their right of judgment and privilege of place. Hence cabals have arisen, and the patrons of the arts, and the public, have been pestered about private grievances and squabbles, in which probably all sides are wrong, and the perfect knowledge of which *either way* would not advance the interests of the arts one iota. Still it is the bounden duty of the Royal Academy, putting *liberality* entirely out of the question, to dismiss partiality from their councils and admit candour to their committees. Academicians have many advantages over their less fortunate competitors—their station is a presumptive proof that they merit them—but even this consideration ought to operate as a stimulus to them, to do perhaps more than bare justice to other Exhibitors. It ought to impress them more strongly, that it is not their personal interests which they should, and far less which they should *exclusively*, consult; but that the interests of the whole British School is entrusted to their sound principles and discretion. We trust sincerely that there are no real grounds for the many heavy sorrowings which we hear for pictures rejected out of prejudice, and others less worthy of acceptance admitted out of favour. We are ready to allow the impossibility of pleasing all, and therefore our admonition is rather intended to convey a public sentiment to the ears of the Academy than to give substance to an accusation. It behoves it to watch zealously over the glory of our Native School; to discriminate wisely and to act firmly. Above all, not to suffer the listlessness and decrepitude of age to be apparent in the vigour of its fiftieth year; to be as earnest and enthusiastic as when it first leapt into

existence; and to cultivate the art of Design in preference to the trade of Portrait.

MR. FAWKES' GALLERY.

LAST Tuesday was most auspicious for the view of this gentleman's gallery, yet it was not owing to the beauty of the day, that we left it with a much higher idea of its merits than the first examination inspired. There must be much intrinsic genius in an exhibition like this, when it continues to gain upon the mind with succeeding visits. Novelty in poor and unworthy objects often causes them to pass current, but it is the sterling alone that improves with every fresh test. The rooms were crowded with persons of rank and talent, and it rejoiced us to see how successfully this new excitement to the patronage of native art appeared to accomplish its object.

EXHIBITION IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

Nos. 8. 16. 123. 269. 277-8. 295. 317. Marine Views and Landscapes, by *S. Prout*. These are generally fine specimens of Mr. S. Prout's pencil, and nothing inferior to his former productions. But we may specify 277 and 278, Cerne Abbas, Dorset, and a dismasted Indianman, as being among his happiest efforts. The latter is one of the most beautiful drawings of the kind we have ever seen: broad, clear, and harmoniously coloured. It is badly hung below the eye of a tall critic.

Nos. 6 to 344 (not all inclusive, but including some fifty pictures,) by *Copley Fielding*. These are landscapes of various and considerable merit; in parts sometimes reminding us of even Turner's best, and in other parts, of Wilson. No. 280, Chestow Castle, is perhaps the most striking of them all. It unites the charm of warm and glowing tints, with a fine character and delicious distance. 236. A View on the Thames too is exquisite: replete with simplicity and truth.

No. 54. Study of a Dog. *T. Christmas*. It is with pleasure we do justice to this clever study. It is natural as life, and excellently coloured.

No. 141. Gipsies; 225. Deal Boatmen; 274. Portrait of a Lady; 301. Landscape and Figures, Boys Bathing; 308. Narcissus; 312. Highland Girl; 315, &c. *J. Cristall*. Of these, the Deal Boatmen, the Boys bathing, and Narcissus, are conspicuously foremost. The execution of each is in the artist's best manner; they are excellent in their design and composition, though rather low in their tone of colour. The Narcissus affords a subject for a very fine work.

No. 89. The Discovery; 98. Portraits; 214, 215. Drawing-rooms, Buckingham House; and 296. Interior of Sir John Leicester's Gallery. *J. Stephanoff*. The *Discovery* is a clear and brilliantly painted picture. The characters are a father and mother opening the love-letter of a daughter, and the expression of the whole is good. There is rather too much light, which makes the figures look meagre for want of

that breadth of shadow which should support them. The background, it is a strange complaint, is too well painted. At any rate it should be rendered subordinate by a little toning down. The royal drawing-rooms are richly finished, and Sir J. Leicester's Gallery is correctly and beautifully drawn, though it seems to us that the company and the pictures interfere with each other.

No. 21, et seq.—about thirty Views, &c.

G. F. Robson. We see nothing new to remark in this artist. His sweet distances, his beautiful character, his fine air tints, and elegant forms, are always pleasing, though too same to admit of so many in one collection, producing an effect corresponding with their numerical strength.

Nos. 130. 137. Peggy, and Portraits. *T. Watson*, Edinburgh. The former is from an old ballad:

Dear was the spot, the sweet retreat,
The murmuring burn, the rocky seat,
Where Davie urged, nor urged in vain,
Love's soft, beguiling, tender strain.

This is a very sweet little unaffected subject; full of grace, and with nothing trivial or common-place about it. The general colouring is too low for the principal red, which ought to be painted up to with brilliancy, and without crudity.

No. 122. View of Via-Mala, Grisons, from a sketch by the Rev. C. Annesley, *W. Turner*, Oxford. This is truly a sublime production, and gives a grand idea of the wild and gigantic scenery of Switzerland. The character of that scenery is wrought out in a masterly manner—the forms are equal to the highest imagination. If we would notice a fault, it is the want of that local colouring which gives the truth of individuality; but when we remember that it is done from a sketch by another hand, we must confess that this deficiency arises not from want of skill, but of material.

EXHIBITION OF NEEDLEWORK.

TO THE EDITOR,

FROM my knowledge of the interest you take in every thing relative to the fine Arts, I do myself the pleasure of recommending to your notice, an Exhibition which you would probably overlook, but which, if I am not greatly mistaken, will not only well repay the trouble of a visit to it, but appears worthy of being recommended to the notice of your fair readers. I allude to an exhibition of Needlework in imitation of copper-plates, now open in Soho Square, near the Bazar. The artist is a Miss Pajeken, from Bremen; who has carried, I think I may say, to absolute perfection, the art of copying with the needle the productions of the engraver.

Some of the pieces are in coloured silks, the others in black silk and hair. "The Turnpike Gate," from a print after Morland, is in the first manner; and I heard many ladies speak of it in the highest terms of approbation; yet, notwithstanding its merit, it is infinitely surpassed by some of the pieces in black. Not to dwell upon the smaller pieces—a Christ, a Flora, and an

Old Man's Head, though each worthy of unqualified praise, I beg leave to refer to two large pieces, representing Abeldard and Heloise. It would be giving a very incompetent idea of these two extraordinary productions, merely to say that the art of embroidery can go no further: it may be asserted with the utmost truth, that for brilliancy of effect, delicacy of execution, and characteristic expression, they are at least equal, if not superior to the finest proof impressions of the original copper-plates.

It is therefore to be expected that during the short stay which Miss Pajcken intends to make, the English ladies, who are ever ready to distinguish and encourage ingenious foreigners, will not let slip this opportunity of patronizing a lady who has devoted years to the attainment of perfection in her art.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours, &c. H. E. L.

Agreeably to our rule, we have seen this Exhibition: the coloured works may, for aught we know, be extraordinary in their way, but do not seem to deserve notice as belonging to the fine arts. The imitations of engraving are on the contrary quite unique and curious, and ingenious in the extreme, though rather scanty for an Exhibition.—Ed.

THE French papers relate the following singular circumstance relative to a picture which was lately sold at an auction in the village of Vertus, near Paris. The sale consisted of old furniture, and was attended only by a few petty brokers of the place. The chairs, tables, &c. were first sold, and the picture was next put up. It was valued at 36 francs, and was thought dear even at that price; however a little old man, in a broad-brimmed hat, stepped forward, and drawing on his spectacles, offered 100 francs. Several higher prices were afterwards bidden, and the picture was at length knocked down for twenty-five louis to a poor man, who worked as a common porter. The purchaser having shewn it to one of his friends, a picture dealer, learnt, to his astonishment, that it was a valuable *Poussin*. The picture has been cleaned, and several connoisseurs have been to see it. The owner has already been offered twelve thousand francs for it, but he declares he will not sell it for double that sum.—The subject is *Venus Bathing*.

ARTISTS' GENERAL FUND.

SIR,

It cannot but afford much gratification to every lover of art, to see the most distinguished names in the country, for rank and talent, united in the list of stewards for the festival to be held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday the 3d of May, in aid of "The Artists' General Benevolent Institution;" and I sincerely hope that the object of the meeting will be crowned with success, by obtaining the sum required to enable the Directors to open the fund for the relief of decayed artists, their widows and orphans.

The fund was first established in the year

1814, and derived its origin from "The Artists' Benevolent Institution," and a Benevolent Society connected with it, called "The Artists' Joint Stock Fund," an Institution highly creditable to the good sense and prudence of its members, who, according to the amount of their quarterly contributions, are entitled to a weekly sum during illness, or while reduced to want.

A few of the subscribers to this charitable fund for widows and orphans, feeling for the situation of those left destitute by the death of the husband or father previously to the establishment of this Society, and therefore not entitled to relief from the charitable fund, and also aware, in cases where either from inability to contribute, or from want of prudence and foresight, he had not become a member, that his family must become so much the greater objects of distress, determined to found "The Artists' General Benevolent Institution," open to all cases of merit and distress.

As the meeting is expected to be very numerous, the number of tickets to be issued will, I understand, be limited; and such arrangements have been made as will afford the best accommodation for the company, and for ladies in the gallery.

I am, Sir, &c.

AN ARTIST.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

MAY DAY.

See the Sun the hills adorning
With the rosy blush of morning;
Nature smiles, and all is gay,
Welcome in "the First of May!"

See the tuneful lark on high,
Bear his matins to the sky;
Now its warbling note is rais'd,
Offering up—"my God be prais'd!"
Bounteous Nature! now will we
Celebrate this day to Thee!

Nature gladdens ev'ry scene;
View the daisy-spangled green,
And the turf on mountain tops,
Glitt'ring with the golden drops.

See the sparkling water run,
Silver'd by the noontide sun;
And the lowing cattle drink
At the crystal fountain's brink.
Bounteous Nature! now will we
Celebrate this day to Thee!

Portsmouth.

M'PHERSON.

From CLARA to —

How little he knows Clara's heart, who could deem
It was careless, or fickle, or cold!
Had he lov'd, he had seen in her eyes' quivering beam,
A tale that her lip never told.

He had seen in her joy, in her silent distress,
In her look of confusion—her heart,
When she met him; and oh, in her hand's lingering press,
What she felt—when she felt they must part.

If Clara said love was a trifle, a jest,
If she smiled at the dupes who could feel,
She had cause—but, thank Heaven, that cause
was unguessed,
'Twas to hide what she dared not reveal.

In the hours when her thoughts seemed to wander
away
In a dance of delight, there was pain
In her bosom, that seemed to the laughter to say—
She should never be happy again.

She had dreamed such deep dreams of the hours
that were yet
To lead her through life by your side—
But the roses are withered, and she must forget
By whose coldness 'twas done!—They have
died!

You are going to danger—I feel my heart thrill
When I think on that land of the Sun:
You'll find friends, you'll find lovers,—but go
where you will,
Who can love you like Clara?—not one.

Oh could you but feel—But 'tis done, and no
more
I humble my spirit—Farewell!

You'll know how I've loved when the struggle is
o'er—
A moment—and all will be well.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XIII.

THE NATURAL CHILD.

Arriving late for dinner at a certain noble Lord's, I had just time to make a kind of circular obeisance to the Countess, and to the company to whom I was known,—to receive a significant, but good-humoured look, with a very gentle shake of the head, from her Ladyship, as much as to say, "You have just saved your distance, as usual; always late, but better late than never,"—to meet the supercilious eye of Lord C,—to acknowledge the haughty bow of Lady Avanthier, the Nabob's wife, whose smile is a sneer, and whose toss of the head, after the common inclination of urbanity, seems as if her stiff neck upbraided her for the smallest penchant of condescension, and her curled-up lip and saucy nose mocked the forced smile which half, uncertain, would-be courtliness, had placed in their neighbourhood,—I had just time to receive the insincere pressure on my hand of the finger and thumb of a certain diplomatic character, so used to assumed importance and to pseudo amiability, that it seems to inform you that you may live on promise as long as you like, and consider that his protection even goes as far as a look and the imposition of hands—the weighing of two fingers, as it were confidentially on your arm, the gently touching you on the back, which is the type of "depend upon me," where reliance is out of the question, or an elevation of the eyebrows, as much as to say, "I see you and

don't forget you,"—finally, I was just long enough in the drawing-room to see the first title proudly armed out of the room with a conscious look of self-satisfaction, to behold the autumnal flowers in very high colour, cast a glance at the mirror as they passed by, and to join the *Dii minorum gentium* of Baronets, M.P.'s, and private gentlemen, in chattering common-place, as we descended the great stair-case, when I found myself placed by the side of a very lovely young woman, with a *je ne sais quoi* of interest and melancholy on her countenance, which (to me) rather heightened her attractions.

Her smile was grave, and, as it were, dubious; her deportment timid, yet dignified; her voice more soothing than sprightly; and her dress rather neat than showy. Yet, as she advanced in her short table acquaintance with me, she gained ground considerably in the interest which she inspired. She was sensible, highly polished, and modest to a charm. Most of the company knew her. I was rather astonished, however, to perceive that she did not receive from the society that palm of preference which so much beauty and such finished manners claimed exclusively for her; for, when put in parallel with her titled and other female companions, who seemed for the most part to eye her with indifference, she was like the fairest lily, the most balmy rose, or the freshest violet, planted in a corner, and surrounded by gaudy tulips, poppies, and ranunculuses, of forced production, and over blown.

During dinner, she was accosted twice by the name of Emily; and my Lord once gave her a half smile of good humour, in sending her, unasked, half the wing of a woodcock, with a look which said, "I know you like this."

As I never heard her called any thing but Emily whilst at table, I took an opportunity, after the ladies had withdrawn, to ask Lord — what her family name was. "White," replied his Lordship; and he uttered the name as if it were a complete blank in the *beau monde*; for it is not uncommon, when a man names his friends (if perchance, happily, he have any,) or his acquaintance, or guests, to mention a little proudly,—“a person of high public character,” significantly,—“a beauty or an heiress,” rapturously,—and “a commoner, or a fair incognito in high life,” explanatorily, stating, “a good family, a good fortune, a person of talent, or of (what is more prized in a drawing-room) good expectancies.”

My Lord named Miss White with bluff simplicity, making as little of the monosyllable as possible, as if it scarcely merited a place in his narration. “She is well named,” said I, “for she is as fair as the unsullied snow; her beauty needs no high colouring of praise, as it speaks for itself; her eyes need no comment, since nature's letter of recommendation is there written in fine impressive character.

Two or three insipids smiled mawkishly

and unnaturally. My Lord observed, “She's a nice girl,” and then diverted the subject. The Diplomatist found out that she wanted *usage du monde*, which proved his want of judgment; and the Nabob thought her too light, not in conduct, but in purse, to merit any more than, “She's very fair, but too cold and grave.” This he could not say of his broad passion-flower of a wife.

My interest increased with the neglect of merit in my companions; and I attached myself to her company as much as possible, when we returned to the ladies. I now had recourse to a *ruse de guerre*, in order to learn something of her history; and, placing myself next to her in the music-room, I observed, “That I once knew a Colonel White, that he was my particular friend abroad, and that I discovered a likeness.” To this she answered, that she had not the honour to know any one of the name. I was foolish enough to come back to the charge, and to mention Lord B— and a Baronet White, when a suffusion of deeper rose colour spread o'er her cheek, and she informed me that she did not know her parents, but had been educated by her patron, Lord —.

My heart smote me for the flush, which I had occasioned; I made a lame retreat upon “What a loss her parents must have had, in being deprived of the pride of owning so perfect a creature;” and I was mute nearly the rest of the evening.

I, however, took an opportunity of inquiring about her, of our Diplomat, who, assuming (which he generally did) mystery and importance where none was required, asked me if I never saw any one like her in the House of Peers? I immediately recollected the Countess's brother. Emily was his very image!

The bloated Nabob afterwards informed me, with a shrug of pity, that she was that Nobleman's natural child, that his Lordship had made a rich match, and had left her to the patronage of his sister, that our host thought it best to allow her to live in the family, being her guardian, and that she had a miserable two thousand pounds to her fortune, and was wholly unknown to her father, who had deserted her mother many years, and had a very jealous wife, who completely dragooned him.

“*Tant mieux*,” replied I, “he deserves not only to be dragooned by his wife, and to come under the lash of general censure, but to be shot for desertion, both of the mother and of the child. How many a lovely plant perishes in the shade, is cast from the parent stem, trampled under the feet of pride, and withers beneath the cold blast of neglect, which bloomed in promise, and might have flourished, an honour and an ornament to the hand that fostered and reared it! How many pining protégées we see in noble families, *soi disant* foundlings, or orphans, whose vicious and unfeeling parents live but to disgrace and to disown them! How many a beautiful creature comes to ruin, wholly unprotected, or educated in elegance, and scantily provided

for, by the hand of unfeeling avarice, or of selfish extravagance! Whilst all the pomp of heraldry emblazons the panels of vice's triumphant car with ducal mantels and coronets, proclaiming royal bastardy, and trumpeting kingly crimes! and whilst the swarthy or piebald progeny of Eastern plunderers gild over their low origin, and pass like bank tokens for sterling ore!

What a shameful contrast! Is it not cowardly to fix disgrace upon the innocent offspring of a parent's guilt? Why should these blushing, neglected unfortunates, want a father and a name? Are not many of them like accusing evidence at heaven's high chancery against the unnatural authors of their existence? Why are so few restitutions made for seduction? Why so many marriages of interest, which cut off from innocence all hopes of possessing a father?

Because the base voluptuary is a stranger to humanity; brutal passion knows no softer, tenderer ties; and thus his very stamp and image (for such most often, and for obviously wise purposes—living reproaches or additional claims on the heart, natural children are) is allowed to be consigned to servitude, or to infamy, whilst such a monster lolls in his chariot, feasts on every luxury, and pillows upon down. That shame and remorse may seize all such, is the denunciation of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

During the latter part of the last and the early part of the present week, the theatres presented little to claim notice. *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, at the one house, continues to “create the most heart-felt interest,” and a “Cure for the Heart Ache,” was performed at the other, but with no effect of Comedy, though we are glad to see that Munden, Oxberry, Knight, and Johnstone, are now brought a little more into play.

DRURY LANE.—On Thursday, Mr. Kean re-appeared as Richard the Third, and trusted to his display of talent in the crook-backed tyrant, to get him through his dilemmas for his tyranny over Mr. Bucke. The effort succeeded. The jury was a special one, and good care had been taken to secure stout bodies in boxes, pit, and galleries. As for the public, if our observations were not utterly erroneous, it had nothing to do and little to say on either side. When Richard entered, he was hailed with that species of applause which is known to be peculiar to the partisans of Kean;—rude, obstreperous, and boisterous; the shouting of vulgarity at a wrestling match, rather than the decent expression of approbation which becomes a theatre. This clamour, while it lasted, overbore all opposition, but those who condemned Kean's behaviour to Mr. Bucke, seemed to be perfectly aware that a few hisses and cries of “*Off, off*,” are of sufficient force to destroy

an actor's performance. They accordingly seized on "each dreary pause," when the vociferators stopped for want of lungs, and interpolated some very marked symptoms of hostility. After some struggle, however, the contest was surmounted. Kean exerted himself with singular energy in the part, and his talents lifted him over the difficulties of his misconduct. Hoping and believing that the mortifying lessons he has received, will render him more prudent and more just in future, we cannot but say we rejoice in this conclusion. Mr. Kean has been forgiven, and will doubtless remember hereafter, that despotism and unfeelingness in an actor, are likely to be visited by a public fall and punishment. There is a re-action of popular sentiment on all such occasions, and even those who condemn as entirely as we have done Mr. Kean's ill-treatment of the unfortunate author, may agree with us in thinking that it has been sufficiently exposed, and that this exposure is an adequate infliction for the offence. Some passages of the play, in which the tyrant paints his duplicity and malignity, were caught at and applied by the Buckites; and all parties joined in testifying the most noisy regard for Mr. Rae, when he came on the stage as Richmond. At the close there was a great outcry, and Kean was tempestuously demanded by the audience. At length he appeared with Rae, and whilst some applauded, others shouted for an apology. Mr. Kean bowed like Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, and very cunningly declared that he was too much exhausted to address them now—well knowing that if he got over the first night, he would have no occasion to address them at all. Thus has ended (we trust) the famous quarrel between Messrs. Bucke and Kean.

COVENT GARDEN.—A very clever and laughable farce, altered from the French, by Mr. Morton, and entitled "*A Roland for an Oliver*," was produced here on Thursday. It was completely and deservedly successful. Laughter, the best applause of a farce, followed almost every scene, and proclaimed in a way which would have shattered Lord Chesterfield's nerves, the whim and humour of the performance. The chief characters were admirably sustained by Messrs. Fawcett, Jones, Emery, and Abbott: Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont also contributed a fair share to the triumph of the piece. The lateness of the period in the week prevents our giving even a sketch of the plot, if such a thing be necessary; but perhaps our readers, having heard of breaking a butterfly upon the wheel, may concede to us, that giving at length the plot of a "Farce, with some music," would be stretching a cricket on the bed of Procrustes.

Fredolfo. Mr. Maturin's new tragedy, comes out next Wednesday at Covent Garden. We hear that it is a little romantic in plot, and often highly poetical in its diction.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Moncrieff's comedy, "*Wanted a Wife*," is announced for Monday. It embodies all the comic strength of the house, and the performers are, it is reported, pleased with their parts.

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES FROM THE GERMAN.

POSTHUMOUS TRAVELS.—Professor Engel, being once at a dinner-party, where the conversation turned upon Capt. Cook, and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite towards social intercourse, asked him, "Pray was Cook killed on his first voyage?" "I believe he was," replied Engel, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered upon the second."

BON MOR.—Madame Geoffrin disagreeing once with a literary gentleman, the dispute became very warm, and many high words were exchanged with great acrimony. "How now," said M. de Holbach, a mutual friend of theirs, stepping between them; "Can it be that you are clandestinely married?"

A PURSUIT HAPPILY DEFINED.—The young and amiable Prince of *** pursuing in great haste a beautiful lady at Court, "Your Highness is running very fast," observed the lady; "I am only following my inclination," he replied.

NEW ASTRONOMY.—Somebody maintaining obstinately that the sun was not going round the world, another asked, "But how is it then possible he should set every night, and rise again on the opposite side every morning?" "Ridiculous," replied the first, "the sun goes back the same way, only we don't observe it, because it happens during the night."

In September 1802, such a number of dissensions prevailed among the professors of the "Conservatoire de Musique," at Paris, that it was feared the Institution was going to be dissolved. A wit wrote the following epigram on the occasion:—

"J'admire leurs talens et même leur génie,
Mais, au fait, ils ont un grand tort;
C'est de s'intituler Professeurs d'harmonie,
Et de n'être jamais d'accord."

A very ignorant person being complimented on his good sense, in presence of a clever lady, "I don't wonder," said she, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense, he never spends any."

A meanly dressed performer beginning the part of Mithridate, in Racine's celebrated play of the same name:—

"Enfin, après un an, je te revois, Arbate;"

Somebody from the pit replied very pointedly,

"Avec les mêmes bas and la même cravate."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We hear that the famous collection of the Duke of Marlborough, in which the memorable Boecacio is contained, is also about to be submitted to the hammer.

The Queen's library is to be sold by public auction in a few weeks.

We are requested to state, upon certain authority, that the *VAMPYRE* is not written by Lord Byron, and that his Lordship is totally ignorant of the publication.

SIR, Albemarle Street, April 29.
I beg the favour of your insertion of the above paragraph. I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN MURRAY

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

We have been requested by the publishers of the *VAMPYRE* to state, that it appears by the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, that the groundwork of that Tale alone belongs to Lord Byron.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

"SIR—As the person referred to in the letter from Geneva, prefixed to the Tale of the Vampyre in your last Number, I beg leave to state that your Correspondent has been mistaken in attributing that tale in its present form to Lord Byron. The fact is, that though the groundwork is certainly Lord's Byron's, its development is mine, produced at the request of a Lady, who denied the possibility of any thing being drawn from the materials which Lord Byron had said he intended to have employed in the formation of his Ghost story. I am, &c.

J. W. POLIDORI."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL.

Thursday, 22.—Thermometer from 41 to 49.
Barometer from 30, 02 to 30, 08.
Wind N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Cloudy.

Friday, 23.—Thermometer from 40 to 49.
Barometer from 29, 98 to 29, 87.
Wind N.E. 2.—Cloudy.

Saturday, 24.—Thermometer from 40 to 56.
Barometer from 29, 87 to 29, 77.
Wind N.E. 2.—Cloudy.

Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Sunday, 25.—Thermometer from 42 to 48.
Barometer from 29, 89 to 30, 15.
Wind N.E. 2.—Generally cloudy, till the evening, when it became clear.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Monday, 26.—Thermometer from 30 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 29 to 30, 33.
Wind N.E. and E.S. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 27.—Thermometer from 30 to 52.
Barometer from 30, 33, to 30, 27.
Wind S.E. 1.—Clear; ice in some puddles, and in the pluviometer.

Wednesday, 28.—Thermometer from 28 to 58.
Barometer from 30, 41, to 30, 36.
Wind S.E. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally clear.—The white frost this morning continued strong on the ground till eight o'clock, in the shade.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A continuation of the communications signed "A FOREIGNER," will be very acceptable. We thank the writer heartily.

"Tom Byron" may be answered with a quotation, "Tom Fool will do as well."

The Life of Körner is received.

* For the sake of variety, and to make room for temporary matters, we are again induced to postpone the continuation of our Review on the *Mission to Ashantee*, Extracts from Von Hammer's Travels, &c. &c.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open, every day, from nine in the morning until six in the evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours is now open at the Great Room, Spring Gardens. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. COPLEY FIELDING, Secretary.

Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

THE PRIZES IN TOMKINS'S PICTURE LOTTERY, valued at 150,000l. are now on View, at No. 34, New Bond Street, where Tickets, price 1s. each, are on sale; also by P. W. and F. P. Tomkins, No. 59, New Bond Street; Longman and Co. Paternoster-Row; Cadell and Davies, Strand; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. No. 85, Chesapeake; J. W. Whiteley, No. 103, Newgate Street; P. Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street; and at all the Lottery Offices.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

THE object of this Institution is, by an appeal to public liberality, to extend RELIEF to DISTRESSED ARTISTS, whose Works are known and esteemed by the Public, as well as to their WIDOWS and ORPHANS.—Merit and Distress forming the only claim to its benevolence.

The Subscribers and Friends to the Institution will celebrate the FIFTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL in Freemasons' Hall, on Monday next, the 3d of May, on which interesting occasion it is proposed to announce the Opening of the Funds.

H.R.H. the DUKE of SUSSEX, Joint Patron of the Institution, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.

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Dinner on Table at half-past Five.
Tickets 1s. 6d. to be had of the Stewards; and at the Bar of the Craven Hotel, Craven-street, Strand, until Saturday, May 1. Application for Ladies' Tickets to the Gallery is to be made to John Young, Esq. Hon. Sec. 65, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-squares.

This Day is published, royal folio, 3l. 10s.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS of the celebrated ANTIQUITIES of POLA. By THOMAS ALLASON, Architect. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, Henry Moses, and Cosmo Armstrong.

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Sale of the London Museum.

MR. BULLOCK respectfully announces to the Public, that the Sale by Auction of the Works of Art in the Roman Gallery at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, which commenced on Thursday last, will be followed by that of the Museum of Natural History on Tuesday. To be viewed two days previous. The Catalogues, without which no Person can be admitted, either to the sale or view, will be published in Parts, each containing six days sale, at 1s. 6d. each. The first and second Parts may now be had at the Museum, which will be closed in a few Days, previous to its arrangement for Sale.

New Publications.

Early in May will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo.

TALES of the HALL.

By the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE.

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